

The Orangeburg News.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME 4.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1870.

NUMBER 6

THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

PUBLISHED AT ORANGEBURG, S. C.
Every Saturday Morning.

HAS. H. HALL & CO.
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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F. M. WANNAMAKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Will be at ORANGEBURG, on Mondays,
Fridays and Saturdays.
At LEWISVILLE on the other days of the
Week.
Feb 12, 1870. tf

Augustus B. Knowlton,
Attorney & Counselor at Law.
At LEWISVILLE.—Wednesday and Satur-
day. Resides at "Oakland" near Fort
Moultrie, S. C.
dec 18 3m

LAW NOTICE.
DeTreville & Sistrunk,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
W. J. DeTreville. F. O. Sistrunk.
June 12 1869. tf

GLOVER & GLOVER,
ATTORNEYS
AND
COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
ORANGEBURG C. H., S. C.
Treas. W. Glover. Mortimer Glover.
Jan 2 1870. 1y

HUTSONS & LEGARE,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS.
Will attend the Courts in Orangeburg,
Barnwell and Beaufort, and the United States
Courts.
OFFICE AT ORANGEBURG, S. C.
W. M. Hutson. W. F. Legare.
Jan 28 1870. 1y

IZLAR & DIBBLE,
ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS,
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
James F. Izlar. Samuel Dibble.
Feb 28 1870. 1y

MALCOLM I. BROWNING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ORANGEBURG C. H., So. Ca
aug 21 1869. 1y

A. J. SALINAS,
FACTOR AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
CHARLESTON S. C.
Liberal advances made on Cotton.
References.—First National Bank, Peo-
ple's National Bank, Messrs. Jno. Fraser &
Co., Charleston, S. C. July 31—1y

INSURE YOUR LIFE.
THE EQUITABLE LIFE CON-
ducts its business on the
PURELY MUTUAL

ALL CASH PLAN.
"PAY AS YOU GO" is the safe rule in
LIFE ASSURANCE

as in anything else.
Its NEW BUSINESS in the year 1868 ex-
ceeded that of any "CHECK," "NOTE" or
"MIXED" COMPANY by upwards of Twelve
Millions.

ALL PROFITS divided among the Policy
Holders annually.
INCOME..... 6,000,000.00
ASSETS..... 10,000,000.00
The EQUITABLE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
offers to the Public all the REAL ADVAN-
TAGE which can with safety be conceded
by any Company
N. AUSTIN BULL,
June 20, 1869. Local Agent.

FLOUR.
WILLIAM R. HOWARD,
FLOUR DEALER
AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 2 Spear's Wharf Baltimore, M. D.
Good to choice FINE, SUPER, EXTRA
and FAMILY FLOUR, suitable for Retail-
ing, constantly on hand.
Jan 22 1870. 3m

OPEN AGAIN HUNTER'S Photograph Gallery.

ORANGEBURG, S. C.

PAINTING

FIRST CLASS FIRST CLASS
HAYING TWENTY YEARS Experience
with the BRUSH, I offer my services to the
public as a House and Coach Painter. All
work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Or-
ders left at the Probate Office, or Store of
John D. Stocker Esq., will be promptly at-
tended to.
Feb 26—1870 JAMES A. WILLIAMS.

CABINET MAKER

AND
UNDERTAKER,
WM. AIKEN BULL.
Having opened a Cabinet Shop in the rear
of the Baptist Church, is prepared to attend
to all business in his line, and respectfully
offers his services to the people of Orange-
burg and vicinity.
Feb 19 1870 3m

NEW GOODS

JUST RECEIVED
AND
OFFERING LOW
FOR
CASH BY
F. E. SALINAS,
BAMBERG AND GRAHAM'S T. O
dec 18 1869. tf

M. ALBRECHT,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
ORANGEBURG, S. C.
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE CITI-
zens of Orangeburg and vicinity that he
has opened at his NEW STORE on Rus-
sell Street, between Messrs. Briggman &
Co. and McNamra & Jones, with a complete
Stock of LEATHER, &c., and that he has
sufficient Workmen to fill all Orders en-
tered to him.
Thanking the Public for past patronage,
respectfully solicits a continuance of the
same. TERMS CASH.
Feb 5 1870 oct 23 1869. tf

E. S. BURNHAM,
Successor to R. W. Burnham,
421 King St., Sign Red Mortar, just below
Calhoun St., Charleston, S. C.,
DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Alcohol, Pure
Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Pur-
poses. Perfumery, Soaps, Brushes,
Fancy and Toilet Articles.
oct 2 1869. 1y

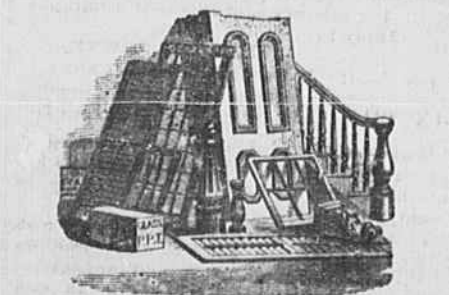
WM. C. BEE & CO.,
Factors and
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
22 ADGE'S WARE,
CHARLESTON, S. C.
WM. C. BEE. THEODORE D. JERREY.
LIBERAL ADVANCES made upon Con-
signments to the above House, for the Char-
leston, New York and Liverpool Markets.
Apply to JAMES BROWNE,
sept 4—1870 At D. Louis's Store.

WHITE'S
MARBLE WORKS,
117 Meeting-Street, Charleston, So. Ca.
MONUMENTS, HEAD STONES, MAR-
ble and Stone Tile, Blue Flagging and
Brown Stone Work, of every description.
SCOTCH GRANITE MONUMENTS,
Iron Railings.
E. R. WHITE. B. D. WHITE.
may 1 1869 c 12m

EDWARD PERRY,
155 MEETING STREET,
Opposite Charleston Hotel,
CHARLESTON, S. S.

DEALER IN SCHOOL, LAW AND MEDICAL
Books.
LAW BOOKS, &c., BLANK BOOKS of
all Styles on hand and made to order.
STATIONERY of all kinds.
PRINTING of every description executed
with promptness and at reasonable rates.
PRINTING PAPERS and Wade & Co.'s
Book and Job PRINTING INK.
oct 2 1869. 6m

P. P. TOALE,
Manufacturer of Doors, Sash Blinds,
Charleston, S. C.,



HAVING THE LARGEST AND MOST
COMPLETE FACTORY in the South-
ern States, and keeping always on hand a
large and most complete stock of DOORS,
SHUTTERS, BLINDS, Sash Doors, Store Doors,
Shutters, Mouldings, &c., &c. I am enabled
to sell low and at manufacturers' prices.
N. B.—Strict attention paid to shipping in
good order.
July 21 1869. 17

THE GOLD-BUG.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

What ho! what ho! this fellow is dancing
mad!
He hath been bitten by the Tarantula.
All in the Wrong.

Many years ago, I contracted an intima-
city with a Mr. Wm. Legrand. He was
of an ancient Huguenot family, and had
once been wealthy; but a series of mis-
fortunes had reduced him to want. To
avoid the mortification consequent upon
his disasters, he left New Orleans, the
city of his forefathers, and took up his
residence at Sullivan's Island near
Charleston, South Carolina.

The Island is a very singular one. It
consists of little else than the sea sand,
and is about three miles long. Its
breadth at no point exceed a quarter of
a mile. It is separated from the main
land by a scarcely perceptible creek,
oozing its way through a wilderness of
reeds and sline, a favorite resort of the
marsh-hen. The vegetation, as might be
supposed, is scant, or at least dwarfish.
No trees of any magnitude are to be seen.
Near the western extremity, where Fort
Moultrie stands, and where some mis-
erable frame buildings, tenanted during
summer, by the fugitives from Charles-
ton dust and fever, may be found, in-
deed, the bristly palmetto; but the
whole island, with the exception of this
western point, and a line of hard, white
beach on the sea-coast, is covered with a
dense undergrowth of the sweet myrtle,
so much prized by the horticulturists of
England. The shrub here often attains
the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and
forms an almost impenetrable copse,
burthening the air with its fragrance.

In the inmost recesses of this copse,
not far from the eastern or more remote
end of the island, Legrand had built
himself a small hut, which he occupied
when I first, by mere accident, made his
acquaintance. This soon ripened into
friendship—for there was much in the
recluse to excite interest and esteem. I
found him well educated, with unusual
powers of mind, but infected with mis-
anthropy, and subject to perverse moods
of alternate enthusiasm and melancholy.
He had with him many books, but rarely
employed them. His chief amusements
were gunning and fishing, or sauntering
along the beach and through the myr-
tles, in quest of shells or etnological
specimens: his collection of the latter
might have been envied by a Swammer-
dam. In these excursions he was usu-
ally accompanied by an old negro, called
Jupiter, who had been manumitted be-
fore the reverses of the family, but who
could be induced, neither by threats nor
by promises, to abandon what he consid-
ered his right of attendance upon the
footsteps of his young "Massa Will."
It is not probable that the relatives of
Legrand, conceiving him to be somewhat
unsettled in intellect, had contrived to
instill this obstinacy into Jupiter, with a
view to the supervision and guardianship
of the wanderer.

The winter in the latitude of Sulli-
van's island are seldom very severe, and
in the fall of the year it is a rare event
indeed when a fire is considered neces-
sary. About the middle of October,
18—, there occurred, however, a day
of remarkable chilliness. Just before
sunset I scrambled my way through the
ever-greens to the hut of my friend,
whom I had not visited for several weeks
—my residence being, at that time, in
Charleston, a distance of nine miles from
the island, while the facilities of passage
and re-passage were far behind those of
the present day. Upon reaching the hut
I rapped, as my custom, and getting no
reply, sought for the key where I knew
it was secreted, unlocked the door and
went in. A fine fire was blazing upon
the hearth. It was a novelty, and by no
means an ungrateful one. I threw off
an overcoat, took an arm-chair by the
crackling logs, and awaited patiently the
arrival of my host.

Soon after dark they arrived, and gave
me a most cordial welcome. Jupiter
grinning from ear to ear, hustled about
to prepare some marsh-hens for supper.
Legrand was in one of his fits—how else
shall I term them?—of enthusiasm. He
had found an unknown bivalve, forming
a new genus, and more than this, he
had hunted down and secured, with Ju-
piter's assistance, a *scarabæus* which he
believed to be totally new, but in respect
to which he wished to have my opinion
on the morrow.

"And why not to-night?" I asked,
rubbing my hands over the blaze, and
wishing the whole tribe of *scarabæi* at
the devil.
"Ah, if I had only known you were
here!" said Legrand, "but it's no long
since I saw you; and how could I foresee
that you would pay me a visit this very
night of all others? As I was coming
home I met Lieutenant G—, from the
fort, and, very foolishly, I lent him the
bug; so it will be impossible for you to
see it until the morning. Stay here to-
night, and I will send Jup down for it
at sunrise. It is the loveliest thing in
creation!"
"What?—sunrise?"
"Nonsense! no!—the bug. It is of
a brilliant gold color—about the size of
a large hickory nut—with two jet black
spots near one extremity of the back,
and another somewhat longer, at the other.
The antennæ are—"
"Dey aint no tin in him, Massa Will,
I keep a tellin on you," here interrupted
Jupiter; "de bug is a goole bug, solid,
ebbery bit of him, inside and all, sep him
wing—neber feel half so hebbly a bug in
my life."
"Well, suppose it is, Jup," replied Le-
grand, somewhat more earnestly, it
seemed to me, than the case demanded,
"is that any reason for your letting the
birds burn? The color," here he re-
turned to me—"is really almost enough
to warrant Jupiter's idea. You never
saw a more brilliant metallic lustre than
the scales emit—but of this you cannot
judge till to-morrow. In the meantime
I can give you some idea of the shape."
Saying this, he seated himself at a small
table, on which were a pen and ink, but
no paper. He looked for some in a
drawer, but found none.
"Never mind," said he at length,
"this will answer; and he drew from his
waistcoat pocket a scrap of what I took
to be very dirty fool's cap, and made upon
it a rough drawing with the pen. While
he did this, I retained my seat by the
fire, for I was still chilly. When the
drawing was complete, he handed it to me
without rising. As I received it, a loud
growl was heard, succeeded by a scratch-
ing at the door. Jupiter opened it, and
a large Newfoundland belonging to Le-
grand, rushed in, leaped upon my shoul-
ders, and loaded me with caresses; for I
had shown him much attention during
previous visits. When his gambols were
over, I looked at the paper, and, to speak
the truth, found myself not a little puz-
zled at what my friend had depicted.
"Well!" I said, after contemplating it
for some minutes, "this is a strange
scarabæus, I must confess: new to me:
never saw anything like it before—un-
less it was a skull, or death's-head—
which it more nearly resembles than
anything else that has come under my
observation."
"A death's-head!" echoed Legrand—
"Oh—yes—well, it has something of that
appearance upon paper, no doubt. The
two upper black spots look like eyes, eh?
and the longer one at the bottom like a
mouth—and then the shape of the whole
is oval."
"Perhaps so," said I; "but, Legrand,
I fear you are no artist. I must wait
until I see the beetle itself, if I am to
form any idea of its personal appearance."
"Well, I don't know," said he, a little
nettled, "I draw tolerably—should do it
at least—have had good masters and
flatter myself that I am not quite a
blockhead."
"But, my dear fellow, you are joking
then," said I, "this is a very passable
skull—indeed, I may say that it is a
very excellent skull, according to the
vulgar notions about such specimens of
physiology—and your *scarabæus* must be
the queerest *scarabæus* in the world if it
resembles it. Why, we may get up a
very thrilling bit of superstition upon
this hint. I presume you will call the
bug *scarabæus caput hominis* or some-
thing of that kind—there are many
similar titles in the Natural Histories.
But where are the antennæ you spoke
of?"
"The antennæ!" said Legrand, who
seemed to be getting unaccountably
warm upon the subject; "I am sure you
must see the antennæ. I made them as
distinct as they are in the original insect,
and I presume that is sufficient."
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very close resemblance to the ordinary
cuts of a death's-head.

He received the paper very peevishly,
and was about to crumple it, apparently
to throw it in the fire, when a casual
glance at the design seemed suddenly to
rivet his attention. In an instant his
face grew violently red—in another as
excessively pale. For some minutes he
continued to scrutinize the drawing
minutely where he sat. At length he
arose, took a candle from the table, and
proceeded to seat himself upon a sea-
chest in the farthest corner of the room.
Here again he made an anxious examina-
tion of the paper; turning it in all direc-
tions. He said nothing, however, and
his conduct greatly astonished me; yet I
thought it prudent not to exacerbate the
growing moodiness of his temper by any
comment. Presently he took from his
coat pocket a wallet, placed the paper
carefully in it, and deposited both in a
writing-desk, which he locked. He now
grew more composed in his demeanor;
but his original air of enthusiasm had
quite disappeared. Yet he seemed not
so much sulky as abstracted. As the
evening wore away he became more and
more absorbed in reverie, from which no
sallies of mine could arouse him. It
had been my intention to pass the night
at the hut, as I had frequently done be-
fore, seeing my host in this mood, I
deemed it proper to take leave. He did
not press me to remain, but, as I de-
parted, he shook my hand with even more
than his usual cordiality.

It was about month after this (and
during the interval I had seen nothing
of Legrand) when I received a visit, at
Charleston, from his man, Jupiter. I
had never seen the good old negro look
so dispirited, and I feared that some
serious disaster had befallen my friend.

"Well, Jup," said I, "What is the
matter now?—how is your master?"

"Why, to speak de troof, massa, him
not so berry well as might be."

"Not well? I am truly sorry to hear
it. What does he complain of?"

"Dar? dat's it?—him neber plain
of notin—but him berry sick for all
dat."

"Very sick, Jupiter?—why didn't
you say at once? Is he confined to
bed?"

"No, dat he aint?—he aint find no-
whar—dat's just whar de shoe pinch—
my mind is got to be berry hebbly bout
poor Massa Will."

"Jupiter, I should like to understand
what it is you are talking about. You
say your master is sick. Hasn't he told
you what ails him?"

"Why, massa, taint worf while for to
git mad about de matter—Massa Will
say noffin at all aint de matter wid him—
but den what make him go about looking
dis hear way, wid he head down and he
soldiers up, and as white as a goose?"

"And den he keep a syphon all de time—"
"Keeps a what, Jupiter?"

"Keeps a syphon wid de figgers on
de slate—de queerest figgers I eber did
see. Igit into be skeered, I tell you.
Hap for to keep mighty tight eye pon
him noovers. I had a big stick ready
cut for to gib him deuced good beating
when he did come—but Ise sich a fool
dat I hadn't de heart arter all—he look
so berry poorly."

"Eh?—what?—ah yes?—upon the
whole I think you had better not be too
severe with the poor fellow—don't flog
him, Jupiter—he can't very well stand
it—but can you form no idea of what
has occasioned this illness, or rather this
change of conduct? Has anything un-
pleasant happened since I saw you?"

"No, massa, dey aint bin noffin on-
pleasant since den—'twas fore den I'm
fared—'twas de berry day you was
dere."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Why, massa, I mean de bug—dare
now."

"The what?"

"De bug—I'm berry sartain dat
Massa Will bin bit somewhere bout the
head by dat goole-bug."

"And what cause have you, Jupiter,
for such a supposition?"

"Claws enuff, massa, and mouff too.
I neber did see sich a deuced bug—he
kick and he bite ebbery ting what cum
near him. Massa Will cotch him fass,
but had for to let him go gin mighty
quick, I tell you—den was de time he
must have got de bite. I didn't like de
look ob de bug mouff, myself, no how,
so I wouldn't take hold ob him wid my
finger, but I cotch him wid a peace ob
paper and stuff piece ob it in he mouff—
dat was de way."

"And you think, then, that your mas-
ter was really bitten by the beetle, and
that the bite made him sick?"

"I don't tiuk noffin about it—I nose
it. What make him dream bout de
goole so much; if taint cause he bit by
de goole-bug? Ise heerd bout dem goole-
bugs fore dis."

"But how do you know he dreams
about gold?"

"How I know! why cause he talk
about it in he sleep—dat's how I nose."

"Well, Jup, perhaps you are right;
but to what fortunate circumstance am I
to attribute the honor of a visit from
you to-day?"

"What de matter, massa?"

"Did you bring any message from Mr.
Legrand?"

"No, massa, I bring dis here pissel,"
and here Jupiter handed me a note
which ran thus:

MY DEAR —

Why have I not seen you for so long
a time? I hope you have not been so
foolish as to take offence at any little
brusquerie of mine; but no, that is im-
probable.

Since I saw you I have had great
cause for anxiety. I have something to
tell you, yet scarcely know how to tell it,
or whether I should tell it all.

I have not been quite well for some
days past, and poor old Jup annoys me,
almost beyond endurance, by his well
meant attentions. Would you believe
it?—he had prepared a huge stick, the
other day, with which to chastise me for
giving him the slip, and spending the
day, *solus*, among the hills on the main
land. I verily believe that my ill looks
alone saved me a flogging.

I have made no addition to my cabi-
net since we met.

If you can, in any way, make it con-
venient, come over with Jupiter. Do
come. I wish to see you to-night, upon
business of importance. I assure you
that it is of the highest importance.

Ever yours,
WILLIAM LEGRAND.

There was something in the tone of
this note which gave me great uneasi-
ness. Its whole style differed materially
from that of Legrand. What could he
be dreaming of? What new crochet
possessed his excitable brain? What
"business of the high importance"
could he possibly have to transact? Ju-
piter's account of him boded no good. I
dreaded lest the continued pressure of
misfortune had, at length, fairly unsettled
the reason of my friend. Without a
moment's hesitation, therefore, I pre-
pared to accompany the negro.

Upon reaching the wharf, I noticed a
scythe and three spades, all apparently
new, lying in the bottom of the boat in
which we were to embark.

"What is the meaning of all this
Jup?" I inquired.

"Him syfe, massa, and spade."

"Very true; but what are they doing
here?"

"Him de syfe and de spade what
Massa Will sis pon my buying for him
in de town, and de debbils own lot of
money I had to gib for em."

"But what, in the name of all that is
mysterious, is your 'Massa Will' going
to do with scythes and spades?"

"Dat's more dan I know, and debbil
take me if I don't believe 'tis more dan
he know, too. But it's all cum ob de
bug."

Finding that no satisfaction was to be
obtained of Jupiter, whose whole intel-
lect seemed to be absorbed by "de bug,"
I now stepped into the boat and made
sail. With a fair and strong breeze we
soon ran into the little cove to the north-
ward of Fort Moultrie, and a walk of
some two miles brought us to the hut.
It was about three in the afternoon when
we arrived. Legrand had been awaiting
us in eager expectation. He grasped
my hand with a nervous empressment
which alarmed me and strengthened the
suspicion already entertained.—His
countenance was pale even to ghastliness,
and his deep-set eyes glared with un-
natural lustre. After some inquiries
respecting his health, I asked him, not
knowing what better to say, if he had
yet obtained the *scarabæus* from Lieu-
tenant G—.

"Oh, yes," he replied, coloring violently.
"I got it from him the next morning.
Nothing should tempt me to part with
that *scarabæus*. Do you know that
Jupiter is quite right about it?"

"In what way?" I asked, with a sad
foreboding at heart.

"In supposing it to be a bug of real
gold." He said this with an air of pro-
found seriousness, and I felt inexpress-
ibly shocked.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he
continued, with a triumphant smile, "to

reinstale me in my family possessions.
Is it any wonder, then, that I prize it?